LEVEL ONE
Archives
BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

# Congo News Letter

JANUARY 1942

CBBD
v. 33:1
1942:1

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

An Interesting Furlough.....Martin S. Engwall
Four-In-One.....Esther Ehnbom
First Impressions.....M. Chaplin
Return to Congo.....Harry Watkins
Fredricksons' Diaries.....M.M. Fredrickson

STATION NEWS
Vanga News.....Peggy Osterholm
Leopoldville News.....Linda Watkins
Banza Manteke News.....Lena Youngsman

BERKELEY BAPTIST
DIVINITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

Published Quarterly by the
Missionaries of the A.B.F.M.S.

Published at Sims House Press, Léopoldville.
Subscription price 25 cents per year.
Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer A.B.F.M.S.,
152 Madison Avenue, New York.
Subscription price in Congo 9 francs.
Address correspondence to Editor C.N.L.,
A.B.F.M.S., Léopoldville II
Congo Belge.

# Congo News Letter.

Vol. XXXIII JANUARY 1942 No. 1

## AN INTERESTING FURLOUGH

I feel that in many ways our last furlough was the most interesting we have had so far. At first we had planned to make an extended visit in Europe and had it planned down to the last detail but Hitler came along and spoiled all that. It's an ill wind that blows no good, however, and due to the war we had to come by way of Capetown and this gave us a chance to see more of Africa than we should otherwise have seen. The day we spent visiting Victoria Falls stands out as a memorable experience. This we did in company with Dr. and Mrs. Booth and their children of the Methodist Mission at Elisabethville, as they were on their way to Durban for a short vacation.

On our way out of Congo we spent a week visiting with our Presbyterian friends at Luebo and were received with true Southern hospitality. Also had the pleasure of a visit to Lubondai where our girls have been attending school and came in time for the Graduation Exercises. We certainly thank God for what Lubondai has meant to our girls. They always think of their school days at Lubondai as very happy ones. The fact that Elaine could go directly from her Junior year at Lubondai to fit into the Senior year in the Hartford Public High School which has a very high standard, and do it without any difficulty, is a fine tribute to the quality of the teaching at Lubondai.

The scenery along the railroad to Capetown did not come up to our expectations, and the railway journey of seven days and eight nights from Tshimbulu to the Cape seemed rather monotonous with the exception of the visit to Victoria Falls and a day spent in Bulawayo fitting out the family

with clothes. The Cape itself, however, presents some beautiful scenery, and Capetown is beautifully situated with Table Mountain in the background.

The school year spent at Kennedy School of Missions (Hartford Seminary Foundatian) was most interesting and profitable especially due to the presence of Dr. Edwin W. Smith on its faculty. Dr. Smith knows the Africans and he also knows what is involved in the missionary task, having been a missionary himself in Africa, 15 years. Under him we studied such courses: "The Opening Up of Africa," "Christianity and the African", "Problems of the New Africa" and also a course on "Bantu Philology." Prof. Donohugh gave a course on "The Psychology of Primitive People", Dr. Felming of Union Theological Seminary taught a course in "The Practice of Missions" and Prof. Mabel Carney of Columbia University was the inspiring teacher of a course in "Life-Related Teaching in Mission Schools". Marguerite Eldredge was also at Hartford during the last semester. We certainly feel that a year at Kennedy School of Missions ought to be a prerequisite for every missionary going to Africa for the first time. It seems to me that we come out to Africa knowing something about many subjects but ccmletely ignorant of the subject in which we ought to have majored: a knowledge of the African people among whom we come to spend our lives, and whom we come to help.

Our children having grown up with an African background we felt it our duty to show them something of America too and with this in view we started off from Hartford on June 7th in our car. We first visited the Nation's capital with its monuments and public buildings. Our next visit was to Mount Vernon where a pleasant time was spent strolling in the gardens and thru the ancestral mansion of our first president.

The next stop was Hampton Institute with its manifold activities. Our guide was himself a fine example of what Hampton is capable of producing, in the way of splendid young manhood. Hampton, however, is a bit

beyond the attainment of most mission schools. Penn School, on the island of St. Helena near Beaufort, S.C., comes much nearer to being the ideal school which we as Congo missionaries have been seeking. The school has succeeded in building itself into the very fabric of life on those islands which it serves. It has made the community school-conscious and the school community-conscious. Nothing better illustrated this fact than the crowds that poured into the simple assembly hall the day of graduation. The graduation program was a long one but revealed the fact that the entire school program is built around the needs of the community to which its students are expected to return. Every Congo missionary ought to send for "School Acres, An Adventure in Rural Education" by Rossa B. Cooley, the principal of the school. Invited for a friendly cup of tea in the home of the principal we found that the guest book contained the names of many Congo missionaries and we fervently pray: May their tribe increase.

After such a rich experience it was rather difficult to settle down to just ordinary sight seeing. However the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee with a visit atop the historic Lookout Mountain near Chattanooga we found interesting indeed.

The girls were especially happy to visit Grandma and Grandpa on the farm in Kansas. It was their last visit with Grandpa as he died New Year's Eve. The first night west from Grandma's we slept at the exact geographic center of America, near Osborne, Kansas. Had an exciting drive up on top of Pike's Peak and a magnificent view. Snow was a meter high on top.

We found Mesa Verde National Park in south-western Colorado a most interesting place. Mesa Verde rises abruptly from a vast plain and it is said that one can see as far as 176 miles from the top. A visit to the Forest Ranger Station and a chat with the ranger on duty about his work was most illuminating. The main attraction of Mesa Verde is, however, the ancient cliff dwellings which are

quite easily accessible. Listening to the lecture of the ranger regarding the life of the cliff dwellers one could easily think that he was talking about a Congo tribe.

A ride on muleback down into the bottom of Grand Canyon will not soon be forgotten. The girls thought it was glorious. Daddy wasn't so sure. Margie, the mule on which the writer sallied forth, insisted on putting her front paws on the very edge of the precipice at every one of the hundreds of hairpin turns. At first a desperate attempt was made to keep her from it but Margie had gone that way a few hundred times and felt she knew the road and one doesn't get too high-handed with an obstreperous mule in such a situation. It took us from 9 in the morning until 5 in the evening to make the trip to the bottom and back. For some reason every one of the participants hunted up a pillow to sit on at table that night.

In Santa Barbara we were royally received and entertained by our church. In Los Angeles we had the privilege of a visit with Mrs. Moon whose heart is still very much in Congo. Together with her we had a most interesting visit to the California Institute of Technology where the world's largest telescopic lens in existence is being ground for the Mount Wilson Observatory.

Yosemite National Park we found well worth our visit. Stood in awe before the "Grisly Giant", a tree that was young in the days of Abraham. The scenery from Lookout Point was overwhelming. The drive up thru the State of Oregon with its redwood forests was simply enthralling.

We were most heartily received in Yakima, Washington and a reception given for us in the church parlors as we had just been adopted as their missionaries. In the audience we disoovered a former colleague from Congo, Mr. Leasure, who is now director of the new Industrial School in that city, a really magnificent institution.

The faces of Washington, Jefferson, Teddy Roosevelt and Lincoln, hewn out of the mountain side in the Black Hills were most impressive. The Badlands of South Dakota

with their weird earth formations was an enchanting sight, and made one think of being transplanted into a fairyland.

The pleasurable trip came to an abrupt close when in Minnesota I was met with a telegram telling of my sister's operation for cancer in Chicago. She was still in a critical condition when I bade her goodbye just before taking the train for New York on the first lap of my return journey to Congo.

The journey back to Congo was rather uneventful with the one exception of winning the Quoit championship. The company of the Watkinses and of Miss Foreman of the Methodist Mission made the voyage an enjoyable one. Charliotte Anne Watkins was easily the greatest favorite. Being rewarded by a smile from that young lady made you willing to wheel her around deck twice as many times as it took to put her to sleep. A visit to Cecil Rhodes' grave near Bulawayo was a memorable event. Seven weeks and two days after saying goodbye to my family in Gary, Indiana I arrived at Vanga, glad to be back in the harness for another term.

MARTIN S. ENGWALL

## FOUR-IN-ONE

Some missionaries work at the same station practically an entire term or even terms of service, while others have the unique experience of getting acquainted with the various stations and learning somewhat of the peculiar problems of each one. This term it has been my privilege to work at Ntondo, Sona Bata, Banza Manteke, and Moanza. One other missionary, Dr. Witt, can boast of having been at four stations.

What interesting contrasts! Beautiful Ntondo on Lac Tumba; it was here that I made a terrible mistake when I asked a certain patient if he were a pygmy. "Why Mama", he indignantly replied, "I'm not a pygmy, I'm a human being." Ntondo is our only station with work amongst pygmies. Then bustling Sona Bata, where I as a neo-

phyte, first found out how inadequately a nurses' training prepares her for Congo. Then sedate Banza Manteke with its four old mission stations to care for, Palabala, Lukunga, Old Banza Manteke and Mukimbungu each with a sub-dispensary. Now -- isolated Moanza, beautifully situated among the hills, where a nurse cannot send severe medical cases to a doctor because there isn't one within five or six days from here. She has to trust, do the best and leave the rest. I can assure you that one gets experience here.

Mr. Atkins has done an unusual work in architecture, utilizing the various colored rock brought up from the Inzia valley. The Church stands out in its simplicity and beauty, as well as the school, residences and hospital. It was to Moanza that Samuel Mpambu was sent tweny-five years ago with a Book and a bag of salt. The natives wanted to kill him but when they saw the Bible they thought it a powerful fetish so refrained.

Fetishes are still quite the thing here. One Sunday Miss Dickey and I witnessed an idol and fetish bonfire. It was new to me but not to Miss Dickey. Several days previous to this, the teacher with several others came and implored us to come and visit their village. "If you come, we will send carriers for you". In due time the carriers came and armed with our lunch, Bible, hymn books and pictures, we set out in kipoys. After many ups and downs, fording a stream and what not, we arrived at the village. We were overjoyed to find it nice and clean. Many of the adults as well as children had been to the stream to bathe. During our walk around the village we were surprized at the number of idols and fetishes on the grass huts. "If my wife takes that away, I'll die immediately", one old man said. "Oh, that keeps us from getting sick," said another. We were told that after a successful hunt, the blood of the animal is sprinkled on certain fetishes so that there will be continued success in hunting.

While many were clean there were others who were positively filthy. Which reminds me once I asked a patient

when she last bathed. Her friend replied, "Oh, she doesn't bathe". It took some scrubbing before we could take care of her. Dirt seems to be a symbol of mourning and great grief shown by much dirt.

No sooner did the drum beat than the grass church was crowded, how eagerly they listened, how lustily they sang. Miss Dickey gave a talk on Nicodemus. Several expressed a desire to follow Christ; to grasp the full significance of such following is not easy; however, we feel that there were those wno were really sincere. After the service several brought their idols and fetishes to be burned. What a thrilling sight! One old man who brought his fetishes expressed a desire to follow Him. "Do you know what that will mean"? "How many wives have you?" "Five", was the reply. "Are you ready to give them up"? "Oh, Mama, How can I? I paid so much for them." "Do you know what Jesus teaches concerning polygamy?" "No, Mama, how can I know except you teach me" "Do you drink palm wine?" "Yes". "Are you ready to give that up?" With horror in his face he said, "Oh, Mama, how can I give up palm wine. That is my very life. I would die if I did not drink it." Yes, they want to follow but the road is too hard.

"Now that so many have given up their idols and fetishes, will the witch doctor stay away?", the white Mama asked. "Oh, no Mama,there are still many who worship their idols and fetishes. He sometimes stays as long as two months in a village and can go away with about one hundred francs in his loin cloth (pocket) as well as many chickens and goats. He is a rich man."

A few Sundays ago I visited a village. No sooner had I arrived than the almost naked, uncombed, oily and unkempt chief beat the drum. He was not personally interested in the work of the Mission but did want his children to be brought up by us. His numerous wives keep him from departing from heathenism. A few days ago this same chief came to the Mission wanting to buy a Kikongo New Testament. "See, Mama, I have the money necessary." How sorry we were to tell him that it is

impossible to buy one. All of our protestant stations are clamoring for them. May even this dearth prove to be a blessing that those who have them may use them more advantageously

We are so glad to have a nice, airy, clean hospital here. However, the rank and file of patients much prefer the old, dirty, dark grass huts. There they can have the friendly fire and cook food in the huts, while patients in the brick wards have to cook outside. Patients were paying for medicines in produce such as bananas, pineapples, beans, peanuts, squash or eggs. We are trying to have them pay in money so they will better appreciate the value of medicines. Here one sees dirt, filth, nakedness and indolence galore. Patients are often left without food by the relatives and the Mission cares for them. With such food as worms, ants, caterpillars, locusts, mushrooms, pineapples, manioc and yam leaves one should not go hungry, but famine is never far from this improvident people.

A short time ago a little skeleton of a girl of six passed quietly away. In her village she had been cast aside but when Miss Dickey and Mrs. Brown visited there and saw her pitiful condition they were instrumental in having her brought here. She seemed to pick up for a while, but soon it seemed that her frail body could not battle with sickness any longer. After much haranguing as to her ownership it was found that the only one to come to care for her was a young girl of about eight. Makenda won all our hearts by her devotion to her little charge, she was like a mother to her. When the sick girl passed away little Makenda was the only mourner, the people in her village had been conspicuous by their absence. Makenda wept bitterly and looked up to me for consolation and help, she wondered how she could arrange the burial. We clothed the worn out body with nice, clean White Cross articles and the medical staff went with little Makenda to the burial grounds. At the grave she stood quietly, her hand in mine. She did not need to tell me that she was thankful that somebody cared. She looked up into my face and saw tears; they were not for

the one in the grave, but for little Makenda, with her faith, devotion and love. Now, several weeks after the event her relatives have not even come to inquire of the death, nor of Makenda, who is staying on in the Girls' School. May God bless her and others in whom nobody is interested.

ESTHER J. EHNBOM

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS

I shall never forget the thrill of seeing Congo for the first time! Six A.M. saw us up on deck watching the mysterious change of the blue ocean water, to the brown water of the mighty Congo river. The dim coastline in the distance, then the actual entry into the mouth of the river, made one feel that Congo was at last reached. The quiet and peace of the morning hour, together with my first view of African forest, made me praise and thank God for answered prayer, and for a practical demonstration of His goodness.

I was impressed as we sailed up the great, swiftly flowing river, which is like a serpent winding it's way through the heart of the African Continent, with the miles and miles of seemingly uninhabited river banks. Here and there glimpses of life were to be seen but hidden in these vast forests, I learned, were hundreds of villages where live thousands of Africans who have still no church, no school, and alas no hospital. The missionaries have been unable even to pay a short visit to some of these villages. Soon we rounded the bend of the river at the Devil's Cauldron and there in front of us, nestling at the foot of a hill, was Matadi.

While at Leopoldville, awaiting the upriver steamer, I had the pleasure of visiting the station at Sona Bata, where, through the kindness of friends, I was able to see some of the work done there.

At last after eight weeks travel I was on the last stage of my journey; a delightful motor ride from Coquilhatville to Tondo. For several hours we rode through

forest and swamp passing numerous villages. At one we were stopped by the native evangelist, the school children wanted to sing a hymn of welcome to the new white mama. On we rode passing through a large rubber plantation, some more forest, then round a corner into a scattering of native houses and suddenly before my eyes appeared a lovely lake. Looking over to the other side I could see the missionaries' houses standing on a little cliff; it was a lovely sight, calm water surrounded by forest reflecting the blue sky with a few fleecy clouds, just like a mirror.

Having arrived a day earlier than expected we had no canoe waiting to take us over, so we signaled over to Tondo for one. Soon it was evident both by sound and by sight that it was coming, the splash, splash, splash of the paddles and the merry paddlers singing lustily. As we drew near the Tondo beach I saw a large crowd of people assembled and right at the edge of the water a group of boys in white burst into song, these were the hospital infirmiers welcoming me to Tondo. What a joyous welcome I got that afternoon. Consider my surprise when a voice out of the sea of black faces welcomed me in English, this was Maggie Rattery who had the privilege of visiting Scotland and America.

Here I was, at last in the corner of the vineyard where God had appointed me to work.

What a joy it was being introduced to the different departments of work on the station and best of all to the hospital. I soon discovered what a vast amount of work is carried on here and how people often travel for fifteen days on foot to seek healing for their sick bodies. How wonderful it is to think that not one of them leaves the hospital without hearing about the Great Physician who can heal their sin-sick souls. What transformations occur here, people enter the most miserable broken creatures and leave well and happy.

One of my first days in the hospital I was called over to be introduced to two of the old men of the village who were painted with red camwood powder, skin loin cloths, rafia

caps and long spears. After being introduced I was told that they had been cannibals, the older of the two having eaten one of his wives, how wonderful to think that those days of cannibalism are coming to an end.

If our friends in the homeland only saw the joy the mission work of healing and evangelism brings to their less fortunate African brothers and sisters I am sure we would have no shortage of volunteers for the mission field. I pray that God may long spare me, if He tarries, to work for Him in Congo.

M. CHAPLIN
BRITISH BAPTIST NURSE AT TONDO HOSPITAL

## RETURN TO CONGO

After almost nine months of happy fellowship with relatives and friends in beautiful California we bade them goodbye and started on the first lap of our long jouney to New York, across the Atlantic to South Africa and then to the Congo. Our first stop was in Minnesota where we spent a couple of delightful weeks at a lake in the north woods, in addition to some happy weeks spent in visiting Fergus Falls and Minneapolis.

Intead of just changing trains in Chicago we decided to stay over-night and have a good rest. We were able to take in, quite unexpectedly, the farewell service for the Engwalls at the Lakeside Church. We met many old friends and some Bethelites, Linda's classmates of days gone by. (During furlough one was impressed as ever with the good work Bethel is doing.)

We had two busy weeks in New York shopping and making other arrangements necessary to those leaving the country for an absence of five years, if the Lord will. Our little cherub was with us, of course, nearly 8 months old and cutting her third tooth.

We left New York on August 22nd by the M.S. "City of New York". Of our Congo missionaries on furlough Mr. Atkins and Miss Eldredge were able to accompany us

to the boat; we had seen Miss Schaffer the previous day and had a nice visit during lunch.

When the boat pulled out in the late afternoon we were forcibly reminded of the long journey ahead but we remembered God's promises and the multitude of friends who were praying for us. We thought of the purpose of our going, to preach and live the Gospel in Congo, as we cared for the treasury work on the field. Our hearts were lightened and made glad as we remembered the many kindnesses of a host of friends, we thought of our Congo fellow-christians, and of their testimony to the redeeming power of Christ. We had heard that they, too, were lifting up hands of prayer for our safety and we were happy to venture forth in faith over a route where dangers had increased since the sinking of the ZamZam.

Martin Engwall was with us, a beloved friend and fellow-missionary to Congo. We, the Watkins, travelled as a complete family but Martin had left behind his wife and four daughters. He was with us as far as Capetown; on one memorable day when the sea was less kind than usual he cared for little Charlotte Anne for several hours whilst the parents tried to avoid feeding the-fishes by lying down. Charlotte grew to think quite a lot of Uncle Martin and always had a smile for him. Many were the folks who took her for a ride around the deck in her folding-buggy.

Cold wet weather greeted us at Capetown but we were cheered by finding there Dr. Mabie, Miss Bonar and Mr. and Mrs. Geil of our Congo Mission awaiting a boat for the States. During our six days in Capetown we spent as much time as possible with them. (Dr. Mabie is retiring after a lifetime of service for the peoples of the Lower Congo. As younger missionaries we pray that we may be given grace to follow in her train.)

Table Mountain towered over us in the Kloof section of Capetown where we spent six days. Not often did we see it, however, owing to the shrouding mists and rain. One morning for half-an-hour we saw it clearly and wished that we could have climbed up to get the view from the top which must be very fine; but we were going off by train that day and

could not spare the time for sight-seeing. We had a delightful visit with the pastor of the Baptist church. Rev. A. MacBeath who was a Congo missionary of the Baptist Missionary Society of England. He is rejoicing in the spirtual life and testimony of the Capetown churches, with their fine evangelical fervour.

From Capetown we went by way of Durban and had the joy of spending a week with my eldest brother and his wife, who have been in South Africa for a number of years. We had a lovely time there. Charlotte was surprised to see two people who resemble one another as much as my brother and I. She had a good time with Uncle Bill and seemed reluctant to leave him even to go her daddy.

We had eight days of train travel in South Africa and Congo, Charlotte's bottles had to be sterilized, the formula made, often when travelling fast with the train swaying on the rough road. The cooks and others in the restaurant cars were good to us and always reserved some space to put the five bottles on ice. She was a brave little traveller and repaid our care of her with many a smile and chuckle, seldom keeping us awake at night.

In Rhodesia the restaurant waiters were women, mostly married it seems, with their husbands away on war service. Some were new to the work and had not the knack of remembering orders, but they put a lot of energy into their work and sometimes 'ticked one off' after the manner of women. The rains had not come yet thru all that section and the scorched earth barely sustained the dried-up grass and scanty trees.

The river boat journey of five days from Port Franqui to Leopoldville was a great relief from dust but nights were hot when we tied up with the breeze on the other side of the boat, the heat of the boilers coming up from below. The scenery was often very fine, wooded banks to the waters' edge made us look for monkeys or other creatures or for a crocodile basking on a muddy bank but we saw nothing but a few storks and marabous and sometimes a kingfisher patiently awaiting his prey.

The boat stopped two or three times each day, for wood, or a little cargo and it was interesting to see the men swim

ashore drawing lines which later kept us fast whilst the Congo current flowed past at about three miles an hour. From isolated posts a canoe would come out for the mail, there being no cargo or passengers, and the weekly news would be received and mail sent on its way. There might be some variation in our speed to help the paddlers but it was imperceptible and the canoe would waste no time as it accosted and then drew away.

At Banningville ivory workers from Bolobo came aboard to sell their cleverly-carved curios and we met a christian lad who had visited our church in Leopoldville. We were glad to see him and to have news of Yelemaya and Onolina, former Lingala pastor and his wife who did four years of excellent work and witness amongst our friends at Leopoldville Ouest. Now they are back again at Bolobo and have a share in the work at that busy station of the English Baptists two days journey up-river from Leopoldville.

On Monday October 14th our boat steamed in to Leopoldville East and we surprised everyone by arriving two hours before we were expected. But Mrs & Mrs. Carpenter soon arrived and took us the five miles to our home and to the work that is dear to our hearts at Leopoldville Ouest. We had the friendliest of welcomes, had we not arrived unexpectedly there would have been a group of scholars at the quay. As it was folks just came at all hours and for many days to see Tata and Mama Watkins and "Mopaya moke", the little stranger. Some called her Tata Watkins Moke so you see what they thought of her resemblance to her father. Benny Armstrong had said in San Jose that she was 'Harry whittled down' so our folks here think about the same thing. Many were the gifts of welcome that were brought to us, eggs, fruit, chickens, peanuts etc.

We are happy to be back in the work we love.

HARRY WATKINS

## FREDRICKSONS' DIARIES
## —1900—

PIGMIES FROM CONGO AT EXPOSITION— We spent two days in Buffalo where we met real Pygmies from Congo woods, being exhibited every day. It was meal time, but a few of them were on a platform, talking. We went right up to where they stood and spoke Kikongo to them. Great surprise came on their faces. We talked on and found that they knew Dr. Sims at Leopoldville. One of them went out and told the rest, who came in all excited smiling at us; and just then one of the managers saw the excitement, and not knowing what they said, he ordered them to go back to their little village outside. To us it was the most interesting happening at the whole Exposition.

Aug. 27th—At the Rooms in Boston we heard the very sad news that Mrs. Nelson had died that day after a few days illness from a malignant fever. Mr. Nelson was ill, too, and had taken little Stella on the journey to London. In their last letter to us they were well and looked forward to go home by "another way than the usual," on our return.

Next day, we left Boston on the "S.S. Winifredian". On board were several of our own missionaries. Dr. and Mrs. Fred Eveleth of Burma and we went to Paris together. It was quite amusing to find that the Eveleths called each other "Fred and Mattie", the same names as ours, a bit confusing sometimes. While in Paris, we heard of President McKinley's assassination in Buffalo, and when he died, drapes were over the American flags, and the French flags were at half-staff, and there were memorial services.

We have a fine French teacher. We study French every day and we attend the little Baptist church in Rue de Sevres where Rev Vincent is pastor. Only French is spoken. Fred has also French at the University at Sorbonne. A letter from Mr. Nelson in London said that the doctors, finding his case serious and strange, advised him to remain at the hospital for examinations and treatments. Little Stella's blood was swarming with malaria, but would soon be well. Our agent

in London, Mr. Bride, took little Stella to his home and his family, where everyone fell in love with her. The next news was tragic. Mr. Nelson had died in the hospital from fever. on November 21st, just three months after he had buried his dear wife in their garden at Kifwa. Dr. Thomas Barbour, leaving London for Boston, brought little Stella to her sister and brother. This is THE MISSIONARY SACRIFICE.

* * * *

"WE HAVE A SON" Nov. 26th, we rejoiced over a son. Fred went to register the birth, and named the boy "Frank Reuter", but the Mayor said: "No, no, Franc is a coin, not a name." Fred showed him that Frank spelled with a 'k' is a name. The mayor then understood, but he also said that in France, one cannot use a surname for a middle name; so in France he is just "Frank", but then he is not a French subject, anyway.

When we left America our girls wrote us that they were praying for a brother, so they had more faith than we who had first had four girls; of course we are all pleased.

After six months of studying French in Paris, we took our little boy over to my people in Norway, and April 4th, we left our baby boy, just over four months old, with my younger sister and her husband and two children. In this home, Frank had love and care, and was too young to know the heartaches which we felt when we kissed him goodbye.

* * * *

BACK TO CONGO: We had a quiet pleasant voyage to Matadi on board the "S.S. Bornu" with the friendly and kind Captain Button and our good friends Rev. and Mrs. John Harris of the Bololo Mission. We reached Matadi on May 25th—our fifteenth wedding anniversary. We had been fortysix days on the one steamer. Doctor Sims came with boat to take us in shore.

May 30th. We went to Tumba where all passengers go to a hotel for the night, as trains do not run nights. Next morning, we took the train and reached Madimba in five

hours and a half. The news of our coming had reached our many Congo friends and when they saw us, two hundred voices shouted for joy, and hands stretched out to greet us. My old girls stood so close that when I descended from the dirty old train, I was actually carried off on their arms for a minute. It was great to be back again. Every parcel we had was eagerly grabbed and carried to Kifwa. We had not told them just when we would arrive, so they had come three times to the depot.

Two hours later, we reached Kifwa. Memories came fast, none of us spoke, but ours and their gladness was mixed with the sadness of last year. As we came near our place, we were astonished to see the trees and bushes grown taller and larger than ever, and much labor must be done to reduce all growth to insure a drier place to live in at Kifwa. Messrs. Moody and Antisdel, besides their own work, had spent several months here to oversee the work and had helped the faithful evangelists who had taken care of the Mission since Mr. Nelson left.

Carrying me through our gate my porters, instead of going straight to my own home, turned and carried me through our avenues over to the grave of Mrs. Nelson, just beyond their new empty home. When I stepped out beside the grave, my carriers stood silent as I wept over the loss, to their three little ones in United States of father and mother, of two faithful missionaries to our Mission, and of two true friends of the Africans and of us. The carriers were right in thinking that I would want to see the grave of my friend first, whom they called "my younger sister", I appreciated the beautiful thought.

When we came over to my own home, all of us fell on our knees outside our home and Fred thanked God for bringing us back again to this great field. Fred gave some meat for a feast to our many friends, and then they went home. After all had gone, we saw two groups of boys and girls sitting on the ground under the shade of a tree. I asked if they were not going home for the night was coming on, and there were crocodiles in the "baptismal river" where

they would have to cross: but they answered that they were orphans and that they had not come to go away again. They begged us to let them stay and attend school and learn to work. What could we do with fifty new orphans and with no money for their support? We could not send them away, so we agreed to keep them for some time, ourselves. "Banziona" is the Kikongo for Orphans, the lonely, desolate, bereaved. We had faith in our Woman's Society, whose representative I am these years until they can send single ladies to our Sona Bata field, so I wrote to Mrs. Safford about these orphans whom someone besides us must support on our station. We asked if the women could take up this work. Their story touched the hearts of many mothers in our Woman's Society, and Mrs. Safford asked me to write letters to these friends of orphans, who received these little ones in Christ's name and so we became great friends through letters. To support and educate a child cost $15 a year.

Sunday brought many Christians and adherents to our "homecoming" in church. There was great joy. Monday, a lot of men, women and children came to help repair the house and garden. The pillars under the verandas had to be renewed. Pruning was done to trees and bushes, and the grass was cut with matchets. Fred feels glad, seeing the great confidence all the evangelists and teachers have in him, and they are planning great things for God. I find the Medical work fascinating, Over a hundred came the first day, and I could not care for all until the next day. The school is started again and over three hundred were to church services. The Sunday school has been re-opened. it is a great work and many children come.

M. M. FREDRICKSON

# STATION NEWS

## VANGA NEWS

News at Vanga is rather scarce at this time. Certainly we have much ado and not about nothing, but it is the regular routine work that is not especially interesting to others.

Days are never long enough for the amount of work that must be crowded into them.

Our boys school is going full tilt under Dr. Engwall's able and willing hands. He also has charge of our station evangelistic work. From the shouts of laughter that are sometimes heard during the teachers afternoon sessions with him one feels that their work is anything but dull. He gave us quite a surprise by getting us out of bed at four-thirty in the morning on the day of his arrival, but we were so glad to see him that we soon forgot our loss of sleep.

Mr. Robbins spends most of his time in the district where there is always plenty to keep one busy.

Dr. Osterholm and his infirmiers find plenty to fill the days, and often the nights as well.

Mrs. Osterholm is teaching in the school and trying to get enough shirts made for all the boys. Two boys do the sewing, but the cutting of so many garments also requires time. Style in shirts at Vanga this year is unbleached muslin trimmed in bright plaids.

Mrs. Robbins and Priscilla have just returned from a nine months stay at Sona Bata. It seems nice to see their windows lighted again.

Among the twenty white people who have called at Vanga recently were Mr. and Mrs. Dolby of the Canadian Baptist Mission at Shakenge. They took home a lovely nine pound baby girl.

Our girls school is not yet open as we have no one to

take charge. With the need at Ntondo equally as great as Vanga we can only hope that some arrangement can be made for both schools. It is too bad that Miss Eidredge is not twins since both stations need her so badly. We can only hope and pray that all our stations may soon be properly staffed to carry on this great work; not only our present work but that new stations also may be opened. Can we believe that whatsoever we ask His name we shall receive?

**P.S. to November Vanga News.**

Our school children had a short vacation this year—only two weeks.

During part of the first vacation week Mr. Robbins and Mr. Engwall were busy with the pastors conference.

Immediately following the return of the school children midyear examinations began. My houseboys swept, dusted and cooked with a text book in one hand. One could see school boys sitting here and there over the compound with their heads buried in school books. Now Mr. Engwall has *his* head buried in examination papers.

White Cross gifts have not been so plentiful this year so it was quite a problem to find gifts enough for all the children and teachers. Let us hope that Santa will find his way into more White Cross boxes this year. Practical gifts are best—soap, preferably bright in color and highly scented, enameled cups and plates (I almost wrote aluminum, but remembered in time that Uncle Sam has first claim on aluminum,) belts, tablespoons, bandana handkerchiefs, etc.. Of course balls, and mouth organs for little tots, and beads for the girls, are always acceptable.

We had one new feature on our Christmas program this year. Following the pageant a free will offering was given. Mr. Engwall had announced the offering sometime previously so the response was quite gratifying. I saw village women proudly displaying their gifts, one to the other. This special offering was given to the Baptist World Relief Fund.

Before leaving on vacation the school children had a feast given by the school which was prepared by the wives of our

teachers and other native women who volunteered their sevices. The children sat at long tables placed end to end in our school building. The feast consisted of only one course, goat meat cooked in palm oil, luku (native bread made from manioc flour), and greens. Nevertheless it was much appreciated by these native children who seldom have meat.

In cutting short our midyear school vacation we expect to have another short period at Easter. This arrangement was suggested by our teachers as they feel that the children get too far from routine work and studies if given a too long vacation.

And so we are off into the New Year, hoping it may be not merely a year of achievment in material things, but that those who come seeking education may find spiritual help that will lead them into consecrated service for our Lord and Master.

PEGGY OSTERHOLM

## LEOPOLDVILLE NEWS

Christmas was a busy time for everyone. It was a difficult task this year to get enough gifts for the students because no White Cross box had been received. We dressed 30 dolls, made over old dresses, cleaned and pressed neckties until over 300 students were given a gift of one kind or other. All honor students, the teachers and pastors with their wives, 45 in all, were given a party a few days before Christmas. Everyone joined in games on the lawn from 4 o'clock till 6, then went up stairs to Baiottis for tea, sandwiches, and cookies. After singing of a few Christmas Carols everyone went home happy, the students especially thankful that they had conducted themselves the entire school year so as earn a party.

At Christmas time the school children presented "Artaban", the story of "The other Wise Man", and it was well done. The presentation was given on the lawn in back of the church-school. We pray that many went away determined to do more "Unto the least of these", as they

go through life.

We were very glad to welcome Mr. & Mrs. Armstrong and Marguerite Eldredge back to Congo. We thank God for everyone who is able to come back to strengthen the depleted staff of our mission. May they have a happy and most fruitful term of service.

Esther Ehnbom was with us a few days in January before she left for Matadi to return to America by a direct boat. We pray God's protection over her as she journeys in these perilous times.

Last week one of the women in our church lost her baby after an illness at the hospital, and the same night her husband and young son were killed when lightning struck their home. May God sustain her and draw her to Him through this trial.

Mr. & Mrs. Baiotti report twelve new scholars as school reopened after the holidays. This makes a total enrollment of 328.

Services are held twice a week in the military camp. We have had a fine group of soldiers and their families who attend our Sunday and midweek services. Present conditions result in frequent transfers and one may become acquainted with quite a group only to lose them shortly afterwards. Many we know go elsewhere to strengthen other groups of Christians as they seek to live soberly, righteously and godly in difficult circumstances, our loss is thus anothers gain.

LINDA WATKINS

## BANZA MANTEKE NEWS

Christmas has come and gone but the joy of it all remains in our hearts for Christ came to bring peace and joy. Under the supervision of Mr. & Mrs. Erickson, a beautiful pageant about the Christ-child was presented to the boarding-school pupils and natives from nearby villages. The teachers and pastors from Lukunga and other sections of our field also came in response to an invitation. At first,

they hesitated about coming for there were new mindele -white folks- on the station and it was the rainy season. One pastor said, speaking for all, "Our hearts were satisfied because of the message brought to us through the songs and the beautiful picture of Behlehem. You tell us of the same Christ who can help us in our troubles."

Some of the white folks at Kitomesa and Kinganga, Dr. Smith from Kimpese and Dr. Freas also came and enjoyed the pageant presented on Saturday evening December 19th.

On Sunday evening, after a beautiful carol-singing service in which all the departments took part, a special thanksgiving offering was brought to the manger placed in the front of the church. All who desired brought his gift which was given to the lepers at Christmas.

Christmas gifts were given to the school-children on Monday so that they could go home and spend Christmas day in their own villages.

Our Christmas at the hospital was rather sad because one of the Kimpese students, a patient who had been operated upon by Dr. Freas, three weeks before, passed away quietly about six o'clock on Christmas morning. The body was taken to Kimpese for burial.

Our 24 lepers at the leper camp welcomed with joy Christmas Day for we had given them an extra portion of rice, coffee and meat as a special treat. The next day, we went there and after an inspiring song service, the women received the ziandas (petticoats) and the kitambalas (head scarves) that the women in Mrs. Erickson's Bible-class had sewed for them. The men and children too received their special gifts and they all seemed so happy and grateful.

With the gifts from friends in the homeland, we have been able to buy materials so that we could build new bamboo huts for the lepers. Already seven are completed and we hope to add several more to this number in a few weeks. Also, plans are under way to build a chapel there.

Dr. Freas came on New Year's day and worked with us for several days checking up on the recensement work

done this past year. The following information may be of interest. Our territory for recensement starts at Matadi and goes as far as the Kwilu river. Medically, we are responsible for nine chefferies and visit 115 villages with a population of 18,000 or more. Nine new cases of leprosy and 15 new cases of sleeping-sickness were found. We now have 137 natives with sleeping-sickness and 82 persons who are lepers in our chefferies. Many of these people come to our station hospital for assistance both medically and spiritually. God grant that we might not fail in our task of presenting to these patients the loving Saviour who can heal all manner of diseases and can cleanse the lepers.

Our doctor arrived in good time the other day to help us with a man who fell from an nsafu tree and has a fracture of the vertebrae and internal injuries. We have had several serious accident cases at the hospital lately and among them four fractures. We are grateful to Dr. Freas for coming each month to assist the needy folk here. His visits are all too brief for he must visit our sub-dispensaries which takes a great deal of time. Now however, with a splendid new road to Matadi and our dispensaries, he is able to visit each place in a day and need not wait for the train which goes at a certain time and place.

We were pleasantly surprised and so happy to have Miss Ehnbom visit with us for six days before going home on furlough. I am sure the words she spoke at a chapel service and the message from God's word "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" will be long rememberd by all. Our prayers go with her as we wish her a safe journey and a happy beneficial furlough.

We will go on in the strength of the Lord and in His might we will conquer.

LENA YOUNGSMAN.

## CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

### BANZA MANTEKE

Miss Lena Youngsman
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson

### MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown
Miss Ruth Dickey

### TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B. Russell (B.M.S.)
Miss M.K.M. Chaplin (B.M.S.)
Miss Marguerite Eldredge

### LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter (with special work)
Rev. and Mrs. S. Baiotti (U.T.M.)
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins

### KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. C.E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong

### VANGA

Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins
Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm
Rev. M.S. Engwall

### KIMPESE

Rev. and Mrs. U.A. Lanoue

### SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. G.W. Tuttle
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev. and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmid
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson
Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas

---

## ON FURLOUGH OR EN ROUTE

Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Mrs. M.S. Engwall
Rev. and Mrs. E. Atkins
Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Rev. and Mrs. J.E. Geil
Dr. C.L. Mabie
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom